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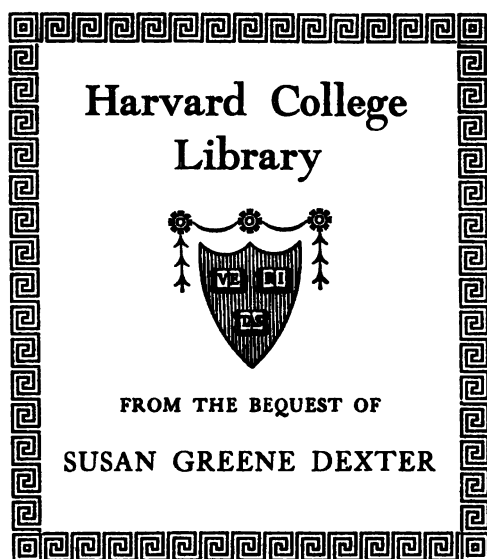
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Slop's Shave at a Broken Hone - 1820

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25  
**SLOP'S SHAVE**

AT A

**BROKEN HONE.**

*Humphreys*

---

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR W. WRIGHT, 46, FLEET STREET.

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1820.

[*Price One Shilling.*]

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May 11, 1927

LONDON:

SHACKELL AND ARROWSMITH, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

By Sir John Stoddart  
=

H

" AT LEISURE,  
" A SLAP AT SLOP. (D. M. D. art)

" Some time ago, Slop, like a silly bird, flew into my hand, and I might have put an end to him; however I merely cut his comb and clipped his wings, and let him go. But his feathers having grown again, the ungrateful creature has not only been picking up at my expense, but has gone quite wild, and two or three times mischievously flown full in my face. This has compelled me to put him under a coop till I have time to dispatch him. Unless he beats himself to pieces, I shall put him out of his misery about Christmas perhaps. He shall be well devilled, and in short be done always with plenty of spice, and served up with snapdragons, for the entertainment of my friends in a long winter's evening.

THE AUTHOR

*of The Political House that Jack Built.*

45, Ludgate Hill,

Oct. 1, 1920.

" N. B. Whoever knocks him off his perch, or does him an injury, shall be proceeded against, he being my sole property."—*Vide the Morning Herald.*





# SHAVE

AT A

## BROKEN HONE.

---

Most Christian Sir, I've waited long your  
"leisure,"

To be snap-dragon'd, and spiced up in crust ;  
And since apparently 'tis not *your* pleasure  
To be first spokesman, I suppose *I* must,\*

\* At the moment I write, I have no notion of the progress in which the "Slap" may be. It will be desirable, however, that it should appear before this my answer, to avoid the awkwardness of placing the cart before the horse : a fault to which, having now waited a reasonable length of time, I cannot be considered as accessory.—SLOP.

Because it would be thought a scurvy joke,  
Should your much threaten'd contest end in  
smoke.

You'll kill and eat me, will you, modest Sir?

In words, at least, you cut a valiant figure;  
No cat o'er captive mouse doth growl and pur  
With happier, more complacent shew of  
vigour;

Poor Slop, appears to stand but little chance,  
Sir,

Pitted with such a terrible Drawcansir.

But fair and softly; stick, Sir, if you please,

To manufacturing slang for rogues and  
rioters;

Know that,\* when badly handled, jests like  
these

Oft cut the fingers of their first proprietors;

Methinks that you yourself resemble most

This new hatched simile, your pride and boast.

\* Like what is called the time-thrust in fencing, by which a moderate degree of skill on the part of the assailed, may make an angry booby his own executioner.—SLOP.

Zoologists aver, that, save the duck,  
 The dunghill-cock's the nastiest foul we<sup>w</sup>  
 breed,  
 Grubbing his nauseous meals from mire and  
 muck,  
 Where gentlemanly birds disdain to feed,  
 Who, (says old Æsop's tale,) the jewel scorns  
 And goodly pearls to rake for barley-corns.

Each smoking heap exploreth he with patience,  
 To find of half-digested oats the germs,  
 Nay,\* (which I vouch from frequent observa-  
 tions,)

Ev'n way-lays physick'd cart-horses for  
 worms.

In short, what'er the filthy source of profit,  
 Like you he has the wisdom ne'er to scoff it.

\* I beg the reader's pardon for the allusion to this  
 true, but unsavoury fact: but it is necessary to shew  
 the world that two can play at the same game; and  
 that my eloquent assailant has not monopolized all  
 facts relative to the natural history of fowls.—SLOP.

Well pamper'd thus, upon his heap of dung  
 He mounts triumphantly with clapping  
 wings;  
 And pest'ring neighbours till his neck is wrung,  
 His cock-a-doodle-doo Te Deum sings,  
 Like the conceited stuff in your advertisement,  
 Amusing most the person whom to hurt 'tis  
 meant.

Despising too the jewel Reputation,  
 Like dung-hill-bird that seeks but to be fed,  
 You rake the jakes of every filthy passion  
 That can repay your filthier quill with bread;  
 Pimp general to this boasted age of reason,  
 Huckster of \*lechery, blasphemy, and treason.

What, *you* magnanimous at Slop's expence, Sir,  
 You coop me up to give the town a treat?  
 Has Mister Billy Soames turned Roman censor,  
 Or Juvenal set up in Dyot-street?

\* I allude to the "Mentor of the Palais Royal,"  
 published at our patriot's mart; a book with the par-  
 ticulars of which I shall not dirty my pen.—SLOP.

Contempt itself evaporates in a laugh,  
To hear this threatening moralizing raff.

Think\* of the tale, Sir, of the long-ear'd, brute,  
Whose well known bray burlesqu'd the lion's  
roar,

And drew a crabstick on his back to boot ;  
Trudge the mechanic course you trudged  
before,

And fill your panniers with your wonted trash,  
A course more profitable, and less rash.

While nobler combatants wage party war,  
Camp-following scouts and pedlars like your-  
self

Should wisely shun the chance of glorious scar,  
Keep in the rear, and stick to sordid pelf ;  
A broken pate is no such tempting bribe  
To gentry of your speculating tribe.

You may burlesque your Bible or your King,  
As the times go, with profit and impunity,

\* See Æsop's well known fable.

And, take my word for't, 'tis a better thing  
 Than to teaze Tartar-folks of Slop's community,  
 Who, like staunch soldiers, want no better sport  
 Than cudgelling a lout with rough retort.

But let it pass ; for nothing can create  
 Much wonder in these unpresuming days,  
 When batter'd strumpets censure church and state,  
 And listening crowds their maudlin nonsense praise ;  
 Slop's but a brother of the quill, 'tis true,  
 Though in a somewhat different rank from you.

Perhaps you only mean to show us, friend,  
 That should your present caterings cease to pay,  
 Sooner than starve, you ev'n would condescend  
 To tickle palates in an honest way ;  
 And hence your terms of culinary art  
 To shew your skill in cook or poulterer's part.

You need not fear ; the taste will never cease  
 For cheap coarse stimulants like those you  
 sell :

Cossacks love train-oil and stale tallow grease,  
 Dons feast on garlic, like its very smell,  
 A dram of peppermint rejoiceth bunters  
 More than the finest crème d'orgeat from  
 Gunter's.

Sweet is a quid to cole-heavers who fag hard;  
 Sweet to the bagman's palate, rotten cheese  
 Sweet to old dames a pinch of Irish black-  
 guard ;

But nought so sweet, or cook'd with so  
 much ease,  
 As libels to a spiteful mob addrest,  
 Or blasphemous placard, or smutty jest.

Now that we touch upon the head of taste,  
 Your favourite terms of spicing and bedevill-  
 ing

And serving me with gravy and puff-paste  
 To give the Radicals a Christmas revelling,  
 Reminds me of another illustration  
 Explaining why you thrive in your vocation.



Perhaps, Sir in your former sharp-set days,  
 You may have swallow'd a hot mutton pie,  
 And found that Puff the vender's clamorous  
 praise

And coarse black pepper us'd unsparingly,  
 Aided by hunger gave a tempting flavour  
 To half-bak'd dough, and offal of ill savour.

Thus, if he will but stoop, to such a job,  
 The thickest pated Grub-street man of letters,

May puff his libels to the gaping mob  
 Who hunger for a sneer against their betters,  
 And gladly gulp the vilest half-bak'd stuff  
 Provided that the seasoning's strong enough.

The method of this seasoning's short and plain ;  
 (I speak to one who understands the practice ;)

Shake but your dredging pepper-box amain  
 Fill'd with rank black abuse, (ne'er mind how  
 black 'tis,)

The high-spiced offal in its crudest state  
 Will please the *little* vulgar, aye, the *great*.

The \*London Winter, Epics of the Ton,  
 (Being a lady's work, I spare Glenarvon,)
   
Prove that with friendly aid of footman John,
   
The clumsiest scandal-scullion need not starve
   
on
   
His trade of dishing foibles hot and hot,
   
Let him be parlour company or not.

I grant exceptions sometimes may occur ;
   
For instance, such dull boggling slang as *you*
  
sell,
   
However coarse, attention would not stir,
   
Nor barrow-women of their pence bam-
   
boozle,

\* Two works popular at the time, with many other  
 such ; which for aught I know, may ere now have  
 assisted the labours of the *real* not *metaphoric* pieman ;  
 and which retailed private scandal just as the Ludgate  
 Hill publications do that of a more public nature.—As  
 to the Epics of the Ton, and its design, the great  
 Christian moralist and powerful poet, Cowper, has  
 characterized them in two prophetic lines,

Then, kindling a combustion of desire,  
 With some cold moral think to quench the fire.—SLOR.

Without a wood-cut to explain the sense,  
And help along its lame incompetence.

Therefore the wisest job that ever you did,  
(Next to your well known trial and subscription)

Was your flash bargain with a wag concluded  
To aid your threadbare talent for description ;

For who, in fits at Cruiky's droll designs,  
Can stay to criticise lop-sided lines ?

Make much of that droll dog, and feed him  
fat ;

Your gains would fall off sadly in amount,  
Should he once think your letter-press too  
flat

And take to writing on his own account :  
Your libels then would sell about as quick,  
Sir,

As bare quack labels would without th' elixir.

Your " Royal Ladder," taken by itself,  
(Reader, I put it fairly to the vote)

Would look as tame as Punch, poor wooden  
elf,

Stript of his fierce cock'd hat and scarlet  
coat ;

A forked stick, a libel on the lout  
Most cutting whose splay fingers cut him out.

The days in truth are passed, when \*Peter  
Pindar

Could all our laughing faculties inflame  
With wild-fire pen like match applied to tin-  
der ;

But he, the devil owing him a shame,  
Died a poor sniveling sham-loyal man,  
A dunghill traitor to his dirty clan.

Yet he, a genuine bastard of Apollo,  
Spite of our better will a laugh commanded,  
And beat these Radical verse grinders hollow ;  
For Peter could divert us single-handed,

\* Peter Pindar, however, had occasional touches  
of grace ; witness his tirade on Tom Paine, unlike  
the uncompromising spleen of Radicals.—But Peter  
was by education a gentleman and a man of letters.

While they, poor oafs, in vain implore the town,  
Without a cut to make their wares go down.

Who shall replace that veteran seducer,  
That keen and potent Archimage of ill?  
—Assuredly not you, nor you, nor you, Sir,  
Tag-rag and bob-tail brothers of the quill,  
Who like Jack Falstaff's ragged corps, each  
day  
Enlist in thirsty hope of R—I pay.

No, Domine\* "Wild Irishman, and Co."  
And you "the Reverend Lionel" to boot,  
It really will not do—I tell you no—  
Unless you pay at Cruiky's feet your suit;  
Lo!† like the blind turn'd hobby to the lame,  
He gallantly bears H—e to wealth and fame.

While you, my masters, floundering in the mud,  
Crowd the black slough of despond alto-  
gether,

\* I have selected two of these advertising gentlemen  
as a pattern; designated by their own real and ficti-  
tious appellations.

† See Æsop's fable:

Although your verses may be twice as good  
 As Master H—e's, (and nought to boast of  
 either);  
 Were Cruikshank wise he might with trouble  
 small  
 Write his own labels and eclipse you all;

And thus short sighted to his own full merit,  
 He much reminds me of the fabled blind;  
 So pay his pencil, Master H—e, with spirit,  
 Humour and keep him still in the same mind,  
 And drive not the hard bargain, which, as I  
 know,  
 You schemers do with wags who get your rhino.

Especially beware of growing spunky,  
 And trusting to your own bare wit for glory;  
 Stir not a step without your graphic monkey,  
 —But I must not anticipate my story,  
 A friendly hint to still the rising pride  
 Which in your threats to Slop may be descried.

JACKO AND JUDAS;

OR, THE

DEADLY-LIVELY JESTER.

*A Tale Admonitory.*

---

There is a scene, which, whether gay or solemn,  
you

Laugh at by turns, and censure, and compas-  
sionate :

I mean our annual fair of St. Bartholomew,  
(A brawny Saint come lately into fashion ;) at  
Which lions roar, bears growl, and wild-cats  
hollow mew,

And Punchinello swaggers in a passion at  
Joan and Old Nick ;—a heaven of cakes and  
rattles,

A hell of cutpurse Jews, and drunken battles.

There the spruce hero of the shears and dimity  
 Enacts the cool fastidious man of taste,  
 His neck adorn'd with turquoise broche and  
     jemmy tie,  
 His favoured arm with tittering hoydens  
     grac'd,  
 Oft shrinking horrified from foul proximity  
 Of the poor chimney sweeper, who in haste  
 Stealing a sweet half-hour from hard employ-  
     ment,  
 Shews his white teeth with honest broad enjoy-  
     ment.

There Romeo, and hot Tybalt cease their rage  
 The very moment that the play is done,  
 And waltz with Nurse and Juliet on the stage,  
 While Mr. Merryman deals round his fun ;  
 And holiday good folks of every age  
 Cram the grave elephant with greasy bun,  
 And country maids display their rosy dimples,  
 And clowns are cur'd, by sharpers, of the  
     simples.

A truce to this irregular prolusion,  
 Meant to express the bustle and confusion.



Well, gentle reader,—once upon a time,  
 A needy showman brought his monkey there,  
 Well skill'd to tumble, grin, curvet, and climb,  
 The maddest, merriest, biped in the fair,  
 Convulsing, in a crack, the gravest face,  
 With droll eccentric gambol and grimace.

The master's history was somewhat queer,  
 As those who knew him may remember well;  
 He once was what they called trade auctioneer,  
 (Why not so now, the trade perhaps can tell,)  
 And after making them his final bow,  
 He liv'd upon the catch, the deuce knows how.

Luck's all; one luckless devil earns the gallows,  
 Another riches, by the same behaviour;  
 To earn a treat from boobies at an ale-house,  
 One day he curs'd his King, and mock'd his  
 S——,  
 For which brave deed before the Justice taken,  
 He pleaded lustily to save his bacon.

The justice heard him out with much serenity,  
 Then let him off, (I really don't know why,

Save that our law by ill requited lenity  
 Contents herself by giving knaves the lie  
 Who hunt for some pretence to pull her down,  
 Gnashing their teeth at altar, mace, and crown.)

On this, poltroons who long'd, but were afraid  
 To talk like him, as well as rogues profest,  
 Clubb'd cash to set him up in showman's trade,  
 Pitying forsooth, a patriot sore oppress;  
 So next he bought this clever monkey cheap,  
 And call'd his friends to pay, and take a peep.

"Now, Jacko, quiz the King."—"Now smoke  
 the parson,"

And Jacko, though without the aid of speech,  
 With mops and mows appropriate kept the  
 farce on,

And had some waggish attitude for each;  
 No wonder he amus'd each grinning calf,  
 Since better folks could scarce refrain to laugh.

The part of Spokesman now our wight did  
 take,

And English'd Jacko's grin's with slang  
 pragmatical,

His audience heard him out for Jacko's sake,  
 Although his jokes were stale, and scarce  
     grammatical,  
 And he himself was just the lumpish rude  
     ass,  
 The sneaking knavish boor we picture Judas.

Encouraged by success, our blackguard show-  
     man

Took suddenly a self important fit,  
 And stroaking his full belly swore that no  
     man

Could *now* dispute his histrionic wit;  
 And as a surer, quicker road to gain mean t,  
 Prepar'd his friends a novel entertainment.

So locking Master Jacko in his cage,  
 "Gemmen," said he, "this evening (for I'll  
     swear

You guess my wit and talents for the stage)  
 I'll mimic an old soldier in the fair,  
 Who, blast him! sells cheap tracts to preach  
     up tyranny,  
 And t'other morning call'd me names in  
     irony."

" I shall annex some songs and recitations  
 In Mr. Matthews's best comic style  
 So now then, gemmen, for my operations,  
 And my friend Jacko there shall rest a while.'  
 —Whereat, groans, laughs, and hisses all at  
 once  
 Assail'd the wondering disconcerted dunce.

" I say, who made you all at once so wise ?  
 Why what without your monkey can you  
 do ?  
 Off, Johnny Raw ! off, lubber ! d—n my eyes  
 If the dumb creature ha'nt more sense than  
 you ;  
 What are you good for, pray, you spoony dog,  
 But to explain his jokes and sarve his prog ?"

Off, in a doleful taking, sneak'd our friend ;  
 But his misfortunes did not finish there,  
 For the old soldier kick'd his nether end,  
 And led him by the nose half round the fair,  
 To the great mirth of orange-girls and sailors,  
 Jews, piemen, sweeps, trulls, tinkers, crimps,  
 and tailors.

They say a tale is nought without a moral ;  
 All Æsop's are most duly follow'd by one,  
 (A book we take to with our bibs and coral :)  
 And since like crabs upon their travels, my  
     one,  
 Came, as a moral should not, hind before,  
 For form's sake, I'll again repeat it o'er.

---

First, wags are enemies much less forbearing,  
     And much less profitable butts, than Kings;  
 Next, Master H-ne, repress your noble daring,  
     And always shelter under Cruikshank's wings,  
 Since, as I said, your trade of label writing  
 Is a far better thing than Author fighting.

You soon would tire of such a game, for none  
     Can the true taste for barren contest feel,  
 But those who loving, like our Pats, the fun,  
     List, not for gain, \*but honourable zeal;  
 So know your place, and let no wheedling  
     devil  
 Tempt you beyond your proper line and level.

\* A motive which I allow to influence the majority  
 of Whigs, as distinct from Radicals, the common  
 enemy.—SLOP.

'Twas pride that caus'd the mighty angel's  
fall,

(But that's a history above your mark ;) )

Pride fir'd the \*cobler's dog to take the wall  
Of wheelbarrow, which stopp'd for aye his  
bark,

And staving in his guts, heroic fate!

Dispatched him to the dogs of former date.

T'was †pride too, and a belly full of hay,

That caused the Jack-ass such a sad disaster,

Who spied the greyhound one fine summer's  
day,

Jumping with graceful spring upon his master ;

\* An illustration better adapted to the level of Mr. H. and which I culled for the purpose, from the droll sayings of a country publican's wife.—T.

† See La Fontaine's fables ; or at all events Æsop's. The best apology which I can offer for the recurrence of these asinine allusions, is that certain subjects inevitably bring their correspondent illustration into one's head, in all its bearings. Sixty-nine of the Drury Lane addresses, not printed, says the author of the R. A. contained a Phoenix ; and by a similar fitness of things,

• By Balaam's soul, I'm just as well as he  
able,"  
Quoth the dull beast, "to make myself agree-  
able."

And up he caper'd too with cow-curvet,  
Endangering his astonish'd master's brains,  
But in a trice *his* proper level met,  
And got a hearty drubbing for his pains,  
A lesson to all boobies of low breeding,  
Who grow too wanton with conceit and feed-  
ing.

Poor Jack ! gentility was not his line !  
His coarse attempts at wit fail'd sadly too;  
And yet he thought himself extremely fine,  
A witty bold Jack-gentleman like you,  
Who threat with educated men to cope,  
Fancying yourself a Gifford or a Pope.

this is the second story of a conceited Jack-ass which  
has occurred to me since I took up the pen to notice  
the threatened "Slap." A third this instant has come  
into my head ; viz. of the cowardly ass who lifted his  
heel at his unresisting King, the lion, with true Radi-  
cal spirit ; but I have no patience to follow up this  
long eared theme farther.

But fear no drubbing, friend, from me, much  
less

From Oxford Tom my coadjutor, who  
Of this my monologue corrects the press,  
And here and there inserts a line or two.  
Doves without gall are we, plain spoken, mild,  
And bear no grudge to woman, man, or child.

Half what I've said, the world already knew,  
(As true as your old laughing stock the  
Bible)

And nought I've stated, which, however true,  
Might, if exprest, be construed as a libel ;  
The other half is wholesome good advice,  
With merry fables here and there a spice.

The wags, of whom I warned you to keep  
clear,

Are for example such rough hands as Black-  
wood ;

If he should deign to fillip in your ear

A termagant Scotch flea, you in a crack  
would

Find it inflict more agonizing twitches,  
Than half a dozen hornets in your breeches.



Beware the writers in the New Whig Guide,  
 And him who wrote Mat Whittington's  
 Tentamen; *Thaddeus Hook*

In both their jeux d'esprit may be descried  
 A hand well practised to dissect and flay  
 men,

As Pol at leisure skinn'd the satyr lost.  
 Who dar'd in tuneful strife to call him out.

That Dr. Blinkinsop's a knowing wight,  
 (At least we think him so among the Tories,)  
 Well skill'd in dragging secret things to light  
 And *hooking* up all sorts of awkward stories,  
 Which I, for one, would never wish to men-  
 tion,

But which are still by no means an invention.

Yet after all, there really is no saying,  
 (Such is the sordid temper of the mob  
 That you'd not court the honour of such flaying,  
 And thank him oft in secret for the job;  
 For low buffoons take all in welcome part  
 Which brings more cash and notice to their  
 mart.

The play-house clown,——

——I don't mean Joe Grimaldi,  
 Since he has ta'en, I hear, the Siddons line,  
 (Though I should think, like bearded Dame  
 \*Trifaldi,

His features will be thought too masculine,)  
 And tries the step of †Marchioness Vivaldi,  
 Meaning before the Queen's men all to shine  
 In Anna Boleyn's character ere long,  
 And introduce his favourite hiccup ‡song.

The clown, I say minds neither kick, nor slap,  
 That swells his benefits, and fills his pocket,  
 Though nail'd against the wainscot like a map,  
 Or stuck up in a candlestick's brass socket ;  
 Nay, whatsoever filthy mean mishap  
 Comes in the way of trade, he seems to  
 mock it ;

\* See Don Quixote.

† The haughty lady in "The Italian."

‡ As a compliment to *St. Bartholomew*, I have, in those stanzas which bear a reference to him, introduced the eight verse metre; a couplet for each syllable of his name.

Roll'd in a jakes, or tweak'd upon the nose,  
 He cares not, so his audience overflows.

Look then for no more notice from my Muse;  
 For faith 'twould be too good a jest by  
     far,  
 To waste my ink in forwarding your views,  
 And help your custom by a paper war;  
 I cannot muster anger half enow;  
 Besides that I have somewhat else to do.

Anger's too fine a passion of the mind,  
 To throw away on paltry foes, indeed:  
 When pester'd by the stoat and polecat kind,  
     Rank, venomous, and sly, of P—rs—n's  
     breed,  
 Our traps once set, our dogs on the alert,  
 We think such feelings more than their  
     desert.

With petty nibbling rats, Sir, like yourself,  
 I and my friends a simpler mode will try,  
 And put our share of cheese upon the shelf;  
 That is, will neither read your works, nor  
     buy.

If many did the same, my life I'd lay,\*  
That you'd *rat* quickly in another way.

Till then proceed as sign-post daubers do :

Turn the King's Head to Nero's visage  
grim,  
Call it the †Monster, or the Wandering Jew,  
Or Abershaw, 'tis all the same to him ;  
Your customers one's anger most deserve,  
Not the poor artist whom their whims must  
serve.

It angers one, perhaps, to think of peers,

Who, like deaf adders, stoutly shut out  
truth,  
Thrusting in Faction's thickest mud both  
ears ;

Yet all this is but Nature's course, in sooth ;  
A sage may often be convinc'd, but no man  
Can argue with an obstinate old woman.

\* As his betters in the same line have done ; see the  
example of Peter Pindar.—SLOP.

† A transformation which I have heard in the annals  
of sign-post painting, at a time when this notorious  
bugaboo excited much public attention.—SLOP.

It angers one to see, too, party rage,  
 Link good F----m with his neighbour D.  
 Like swans and black-leg cormorants in cage ;  
 Or \*G—y of eagle intellect, to see  
 Mousing for ends contemptible and foul,  
 And screeching discord like a purblind owl.

Now, gentle reader, let me take one stretch ;  
 —Thank heav'n, I've finish'd with the Lud-  
   gate shop,  
 And no more court the bunter muse of Ketch,  
 Who sings the pious martyrs of the drop,

\* There is a certain description of blustering patriots who in the words of the Roman satirist, "*iras et verba locant*," or to translate the expression, prostitute their anger and eloquence to sinister ends. Of such the question which has lately occurred, has proved a fatal touchstone. On the other hand, the speeches and conduct of the Marquis of Huntley and Lord Ellenborough shew by an internal evidence which must speak home to every candid mind, how men may differ on the same subject from manly and disinterested motives. The reasons for the latter's opposition one may fairly enter into, as they need no disguise ; and he probably has no change of Ministry to propose.

Their birth, age, parentage, and first transgression,

Their exploits, dying speech, and full confession.

But challenged first to Zoologic fun,

Reader I shall conclude as I begun,

And try in turn my bird describing skill,

With Master H—'s attempt for an apology :

So if you please, walk in awhile, and see

Her gracious M——y's pet aviary ;

Or call them specimens, if so you will,

Of Ultra-Opposition Ornithology.

The Eaton goose (I mention'd him before)

Comes first, in point of riches and nobility,

Whose flimsy song is what I call a bore,

Or Dr. Parr might style " verbose anility ;"

Like ducks in thunder he turns up his eyes,

To hunt for signs and wonders in the skies.

A golden egg he dropt in H—e's foul nest,\*

To shew his zeal for order and religion,

\* See Mr. H—'s famous subscription list, and the letter which a certain noble L—d published, explanatory of his motives for contributing 100l.—SLOP.

Then loudly cackling, to the world profest  
 The motives pure that made the goose a  
 pigeon;

Yet, when the Radicals rule state affairs,  
 They'll carve him out the first in golden shares.

Next, a *respectable domestic* bird,  
 The Scotch or Nabob Turkey-cock, whose  
 rage

And angry gobbling makes him oft absurd;  
 Him with the goose, the Radicals encage,  
 For the same purpose, blustering at his ease,  
 And cram him with farrago as they please.

*Yon hook-nos'd loud macaw* has been abroad,  
 A linguist bird of odd unequal powers;  
 His Greek or Tuscan tone you would applaud,  
 Though oft he swears seditious oaths for  
 hours,  
 Betraying, in a real or feigned rage,  
 The manners of his Covent Garden cage.

Next a rank chatterer, always on the wing,  
 The Gull of Coventry, old, croaking, dull,

Who, (Bewick in his Birds asserts the thing\*  
 As practis'd by another kind of gull,)  
 Catches and hoards the ordure in his crop  
 Of lies that other vagrant birds let drop.

There, ladies, is the horn'd H—l—n owl,  
 No time have I on such birds to bestow,  
 Nor on those cuckoos twain, a kindred fowl ;  
 Next with long bill, the *coif'd* or hooded  
 crow,  
 Black, keen, and hungry, whom a carrion cause  
 To House of Lords with tempting odour  
 draws.

Yon Skiddaw Raven wears the same black coat,  
 And is of the same cunning, cawing nation ;  
 A stale alarmist he, whose croaking note†  
 Causes in all but grannies, the sensation

\* See the story publicly propagated by a certain  
 Radical Gentleman relative to the innocent Barbara  
 Kress: to the confutation of which he has not replied.  
 —SLOP.

† See the ominous close of the Learned Gentle-  
 man's speech.—SLOP.



Of Nancy's threats to her rebellious doll,  
Or the soliloquies of parrot Poll.

One scarce can class the pettyfogging third  
In the same genus with the last nam'd two;  
A pestilent, pert, peddling, meddling bird,  
Chattering for want of honest work to do,  
With paltry tricks, which crow and Ralph  
have not;  
Mind his eternal note " Mag smells a plot."

A taste hath he in silver; loves a hoard  
Of folks' odd shillings, testers, and stray  
pelf,  
Then o'er the tempting store convenes a board  
Of chattering, sharp-set magpies like him-  
self,  
Where oft they quarrel o'er, in clamorous ditty,  
The interests of their self-styled "*Plate Com-  
mittee.*"

Cunning enough to shun the law's strong trap,  
He plays his noisy dirty tricks with glee;  
But apropos of cunning and mishap,  
I'll tell a story as 'twas vouch'd to me,

Shewing why these sly birds suspect each  
other,

And quarrel publicly with such a pother.

\*A tame one, self instructed, would beguile

His wild companions to the garden wall ;

His ambush'd master took good aim the while,

And pop! behold them flutter, bleed and  
fall,

While the sly spy fell to and pick'd their brain,

A magpie-trait I mention with disdain.

Of the more desperate, and braver kite

To furnish specimens I am not able

With yellow foot and eye, the hue of spite ;

For lately as they perch'd in an old stable,

Our keepers managed by one shot to floor 'em

And nail'd them to the barn-door in terrorem.

\* This story was related to me by a dignified clergyman, whose veracity I most highly respect. So much for the real magpie. Of the quarrels of the unplumed species of this bird, the Fish Controversy affords a comical specimen.

Nor have we here the great Barona Turtle,  
 Beauty's grand *courier-dove*, or cock of state ;  
 To far Italian bowers of rose and myrtle  
 He's flown to coo with his own decent mate,  
 While for his loss his tutelary Venus,  
 Consoles herself like jolly old Silenus.

The Carlile mock-bird elsewhere is confin'd  
 In a strong cage provided by the law ;  
 And hopping tame about the room you'll find  
 At Hammersmith her Majesty's jackdaw,  
 Officious, pert, the emblem of vain glory,  
 Of whom each mortal has some foolish story.

Ladies and gentlemen, *I can't go lower ;*  
 So if you please the exhibition's o'er.

## THE PARALLEL.

---

*Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus.*

---

GLENDOWER was once a poet and a beau ;  
 But Glendower as a soldier best we know,  
     A gallant staunch old Welshman in his way,  
 True to his country, resolute and stout,  
 And one that would have been, I make no  
     doubt,  
 A loyal subject in the present day.

And therefore I beg pardon of his ghost  
     For the poor parallel which I shall find him ;  
 In some points they resemble, but in most  
     The Welshman leaves the Saxon far behind  
     him.

Their names resemble as to heads and tails,  
 Both dwelt too near the marches of North  
     Wales ;

\* As he himself informs us in the conversation with  
 Hotspur.

Thus far I own extends the similarity :  
 Per contrâ, trophies won from an invader  
 Excel, as does a first rate a poor trader,  
 Triumphs of ultra-whiggish popularity.

One battled to exclude, by warlike might,  
 A stranger monarch from the Cambrian  
 throne ;  
 T'other by wordy weapons, wrong or right,  
 From common justice would exclude his  
*own.*

Yet doth our Whig, (as babe or granny may,) *)*  
 Resemble Owen Glendower in *one* trait,  
 Which in a play of Shakespeare's we are  
 told of,  
 And which, when manly worth redeem'd the  
 folly,  
 'Tis mortifying, nay quite melancholy,  
 To think the ruthless quizzer should lay  
 hold of.

Glen's taste for *mare's nests* bordered on insa-  
 nity ;  
 I mean the notion that events of nature

Are meant to compliment one's own dear vanity,  
 Or croaking food for factious quidnuncs cater.

Earth\* shook, and cattle made a hideous low,  
 And goats half frantic caper'd to and fro,  
 Said Owen gravely, " just when I was  
 born."

"All this had happen'd by some natural reason,  
 If your old cat had kitten'd at that season,"  
 Said Hotspur, laughing his Welsh pride to  
 scorn.

Yet Hotspur, like a youngster, in his love  
 For truth forgot the duty of politeness,  
 And Owen, as I am about to prove,  
 Should stand excus'd in equity and right-  
 ness.

Whether his sire had one, or twenty coats,  
 And ate fat venison, or his own lean goats,  
 He had not probably the means of giving  
 To his son's tutor, like a wealthy peer,

\* See Shakespeare.

Four or five hundred pounds, perhaps a year,  
 Besides the bonus of a promis'd living.

Moreover in those days, the British nation  
 Had great belief in portents and in prodigies,  
 And every dame ascrib'd to incantation  
 Her shooting corns and all her children's odd  
 itches.

And therefore this sad turn for old wives' tales  
 Was natural sure in this poor knight of Wales,  
 From faults of education insurmountable ;  
 But now-a-days when ghosts are snubb'd with  
 raillery,  
 And great men's tutors get a handsome salary,  
 Such faults seem really almost unaccount-  
 able.

Without a prodigy we now explain  
 A shooting star or corn, or griping stomach,  
 Nor think, like creatures arrogant and vain,  
 Heav'n's finger interpos'd to make our  
 thumb ache.

Owen might aim, it may be, to deceive  
 The mob with what himself did not believe,

To gain importance, influence, and fame ;  
 But whether then, or in the present day,  
 To make just Heav'n a cat's paw, I must say,  
 Is a most impudent irreverent shame.

Owen was wrong, but he, like Croats and Hesians,

Was a plain warlike unpretending man ;  
 Let richer men, who make more fine professions,

Blush for the self-same conduct, *if they can*.

But putting shame out of the present question,  
 If a plain man may venture the suggestion,

You take the world, my L—d, too much for  
 asses :

\*Astronomers, nay clowns and babies too

Foresaw the grand eclipse as well as you,

And smok'd to view it, many thousand  
 glasses.

\* The trick which the Spaniards practised on the poor Indians, by means of their astronomers, who had calculated the eclipse, might have seemed too coarse for the present day, till the late attempt to revive it.



The lowest Radicals themselves will scoff  
 Your ruse de guerre, which looks more like  
 a frolic,  
 Nor think the portent would have been *put off*,  
 Had Gifford ta'en a sudden fit of cholic.

FINIS.

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